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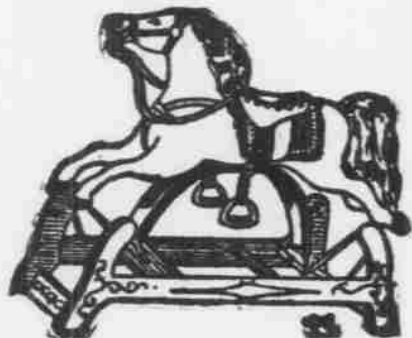
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Mrs. Louise Pfeiffer

211 East Intendencia.



EXTENDING THE L. & N. RAILROAD THROUGH THE GREAT CATTLE RANGE

By Peter Stanley.

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

eyes with such penetrating, restless force of inquisitiveness that the young civil engineer came near unfolding, there and then, the important secret of his mission.

A lively conversation followed in which McDonald's Scottish intelligence was put to task to "break even" with the mysterious originality, wit and humor of the black-eyed beauty of the big woods. He tried to read her characteristics. Her eyes were clear and sparkling, but whether they suggested innocence, mischief or downright intelligence was too deep for him to determine. Of one fact, however, he was positive: They would either be good friends or active enemies. There was no common ground for mere acquaintance.

As the day passed it developed its toll of important information. Mc-

Donald found Granny Campbell to be an illiterate, but intelligent character with hard-set peculiarities he feared would prove annoying, at least, in his efforts to get the railway survey through the range. She declared that no railroad would ever cross a foot of her land until she was laid in the grave yard side "uv the ole man." Said she: "It's kill up all the cattle and run the deer outen the country. And furthermore, it'll fill the settlement full uv yankees and ferreners, and the Lord knows we don't need neither uv 'em."

This had its weight. Granny's decision was the law of the settlement. If she said "no railroad" it registered the unanimous voice of the people against it. But Granny Campbell, like ninety per cent of all the people on the range, was living on government land. However strange it might appear, people lived for twenty, thirty, and some fifty years on the finest tracts of gov-

ernment lands in South Alabama, builded homes, cleared farms and made permanent improvements, seemingly without realizing the importance of having any claim on the premises except a moral right. Under the homestead entry law they could have secured government title to one hundred sixty acres each to heads of families at practically no cost to them. Very few did it.

When the L. & N. Railroad turned its nose toward the big pine forests of southern Alabama these people were in danger of losing their homes. The tide of immigration had just turned Southward and with the one exception of being without transportation this was one of the most desirable sections: its marvelous wealth, full ripe and matured—hanging on bended branch and bow—awaiting the hungry hand of thrift and energy to reap its manifold blessings.

McDonald tried to impress Granny Campbell with these truths, believing that if he could gain her confidence and friendship by assisting in making her home safe she would be reconciled to the extension of the railroad through that section. To these ends he began faithfully to plan and to work.

During the following week he located a magnificent homestead entry of one hundred sixty acres including all the former claims and desires of Granny Campbell. Following close in the wake of this move, and greatly to the surprise of McDonald, Bud Campbell, adjoining this tract on the east, and Mike Scroggins, on the west, took each a homestead entry of one hundred sixty acres. The only feasible route for the extension was through one of these three tracts and the proposition had no enemies so thoroughly uncompromising in their opposition as Bud Campbell and Mike Scroggins.

Falling by reasonable terms to get the right-of-way surveyed through these lands McDonald dropped back north a distance of three miles and made a decoy survey running one mile east of Bud Campbell's eastern boundary, and proceeded south a distance of ten miles. From this point he surveyed back north to the southern boundary of the Granny Campbell tract. The decoy survey convinced Bud Campbell and Mike Scroggins that their opposition could not stop the extension, but they were still unyielding to any reasonable proposition to cross their lands. Granny Campbell's kindness was exceeded, only, by her "got ways."

The survey was one of the prettiest McDonald had ever seen. The curves were few and graduated beautifully. There were no deep cuts and the fills were short and shallow. But there was this half mile knot in the middle. When McDonald reached this knot on his return survey and set his last stake within five feet of the line, he turned to his men and said: "We've got to go through here if we have to tunnel through. I've tried to get through on the first principles of genuine friendship—saved these people their home when I could have taken it myself. Failing in that I've offered more than a reasonable amount of

money, which offer is refused. The game of bluff won't work, and now for the last resort: The key to the situation is in that little girl's heart, and nothing short of love will open it. You fellows pack up the camp and go in—tell the superintendent you left me on the job."

As this story is being told there is possibly no division of the L. & N. railroad doing a greater volume of business than the Alabama & Florida Division and its tributaries. Campbell Spring, a name that should have been perpetuated in the history of the State, will soon have passed away—forgotten, while the little town of three thousand inhabitants builded in brick on the old Campbell homestead tract perpetuates the name of a citizen of less historical importance. Duncan McDonald is one of the old pioneers of the town, and has been a strong factor in its rapid development. His home—a modern and most beautiful structure—half hidden beneath the shadows of the grand old, old trees, is an object of universal admiration.

A recent dinner, in commemoration of Mr. and Mrs. McDonald's twentieth wedding anniversary, at which a number of railroad officials and employees were present, was an occasion for recalling and retelling many interesting and unique incidents connected with the A. & F. extension. Mrs. McDonald was requested to tell the story of "how the knot was untied in the survey." She had just joined the delighted guests in the parlor entering from the dining room, and was standing by an open window in the west side of the room, resting her arms over the back of a large rocking chair in which sat Mr. McDonald. The lingering sunlight of evening shot its golden rays through the open window and stole a parting kiss from her flushed and dimpled cheek. Her pretty black eyes sparkled, but whether their marvelous beauty emanated from innocence, mischief or downright intelligence was too deep for one to determine. In a clear sweet voice she told the story as follows:

"Granny said the place belonged to me anyway, and that I could do as I pleased with it, just so I stayed with her until she died and saw that she was put away side of the old man. Granny was the best old soul in the world—to me. I knew nothing as to whether the country would be benefited or injured by the extension—and I cared less. I just didn't want Mr. McDonald to finish his work there and leave—I was lonesome. When he had exhausted every available means to get the survey through the Granny Campbell tract without success, broke camp and sent all the men in, I felt sure that he and I had come to the parting of the ways—and I cried. I didn't want anybody to see me crying—I was ashamed. I had never cried before only when I hurt myself running after the cattle, or got mad—and then I wasn't ashamed and didn't care who saw me. Granny kept tucking her head and looking at me over her spectacles, and finally she wanted to know of me what was the matter. I said to her: 'Oh, nothing,' and went on with

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my work. I saw her go out on the porch and look down the road toward the spring just as though she saw some one passing. Then she called to me and said: "Glorywld, run to the spring, honey, and bring a little fresh water." I hurried along the little brooked path that led through the dogwoods and the vines giving full freedom to the flood of hot tears that I had suppressed. When I reached the spring he was sitting there on the old wash bench alone. He raised his head from his hands and looked at me with such a sad, disappointed look that I thought I ought to say something to him. I couldn't think of anything else, so I said: "THERE IS A SILVER THREAD RUNNING THROUGH THE FABRIC OF EVERY HUMAN LIFE, WHICH, IF TRACED OUT WITH FAITH AND PATIENCE, LEADS TO HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS." Then I smiled—of course. For a moment he looked straight into my eyes, his own growing larger, brighter, more hopeful—and prettier. Raising his strong, strong arm, he let his large brown hand fall heavily upon my slender shoulder and said: "GOD BLESS YOU, GLORYWLD, I'LL TRACE IT OR I'LL DIE."

MUNSON.

Munson, Dec. 19.—The Bagdad Land and Lumber Company sold 5,000 pounds of pecans this week to Jackson Lumber Company of Lockhart, Ala. These nuts were grown in Santa Rosa County.

Miss Frances Stanley is spending the week end in Milton and Pensacola.

Mr. O. D. Ford of Pensacola was in Munson Friday.

Mr. F. W. Stevens of Bagdad was in town for a few hours Friday.

Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Hall of Bagdad spent the week end in Munson visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Maul left for Pensacola Tuesday, shopping for Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Enzor are the proud parents of a bouncing nine pound boy. Mother and baby doing nicely.

Mr. H. A. Lee purchasing agent for the Bagdad Land & Lumber Co., spent the first of the week in Bagdad on business.

The Bagdad Land & Lumber Co., are moving their logging camps from near Baker to Munson, where they will begin logging the first of the year.

Our school is progressing nicely under skillful management of Miss Frances Stanley and Mrs. Cooley, having enrolled several pupils the past week from the camps that have just moved in to Munson.

BUSY PLACE IS THE WAR AGENCY

OVER THREE HUNDRED WORKERS KEPT BUSY ANSWERING LETTERS FROM RELATIVES.

BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.
Geneva, Switzerland, Dec. 19.—The office of the "Prisoners of War Agency" is about the busiest place in Switzerland. Here 300 unpaid workers, men, women, boys and girls, are engaged in receiving and answering letters from those who have friends or relatives in the armies and who are seeking to know what has become of them. The agency receives lists of casualties and of prisoners taken, from all the combatant countries. These lists are carefully indexed, and the information made available for replying to inquiries, many thousands of which are received daily.

At present about 10,000 letters from soldiers' relatives are received daily. Each day from 300 to 400 visitors from France, Russia, England, Belgium or Germany, call in person to make inquiries. Each day from 800 to 1,200 families are notified that the soldiers whom they have inquired after, are safe, although prisoners in one or another of the belligerent countries.

The head of the agency, M. Ador, a wealthy Swiss, is devoting all his time to the work. Among other things, he has made extended investigation of reports of ill treatment of prisoners, and is able to assure all inquirers that prisoners are being well treated in every country.

The agency now has on file more than 120,000 applications for information from Germany, and 100,000 from France.

Best For Kidneys—Says Doctor.
Dr. J. T. R. Neal, Greenville, S. C., says that in his 30 years of experience he has found no preparation for the kidneys equal to Foley Kidney Pills. In 50c and \$1.00 sizes. Best you can buy for backache, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments. D'Almeida's Pharmacy. (adv)

Work of Medical Men Detailed in Surgeon General

BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.

Washington, Dec. 18.—Pollution of the Great Lakes and tributary rivers becoming a serious menace to the health service. According to the annual report of Surgeon-General Blue, of the U. S. health service, he pointed out that about 16,000,000 passengers carried each year over the Great Lakes and that more than 1,600 vessels those waters. "It becomes apparent," Dr. Blue declared, "that these island vessels play an important part in the maintenance of the typhoid fever rate in the United States." "The degree of pollution of the Great Lakes and rivers contributing to the typhoid problem is a serious question. Large bodies of water are becoming more polluted, thus lessening their value as a source of water supply."

Dr. Blue detailed the work of medical officers in the service in eradicating plague, investigating tuberculosis, inquiring into epidemics. Officers who examined residents relative to the effect on persons come in contact with migrants. Summaries found little reason to believe that such contact has proved injurious. Dr. Blue points out again investigation by American officials does not bear out the claims made by Dr. F. E. Friedmann for a special treatment for the same disease, he announces, is incomplete. Dr. Blue said that although the prevalence of typhoid was being gradually reduced and the rate was not more than one-half what it was thirty years ago, it was still higher in some advanced countries.

Do your Christmas shopping early this week—Read the list of ads in today's Journal.

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